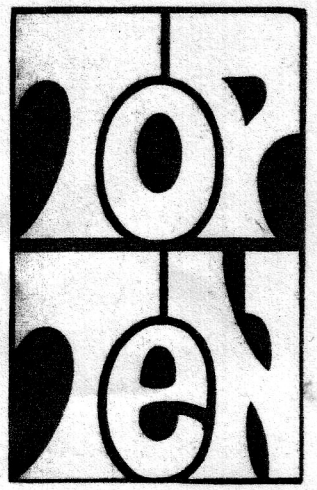
GIRL WITH A GUN

GIRL WITH A GUN

The magazine for thinkers, drinkers, winkers, wankers, country casuals, casual crazies, people with a brain, people without a brain and girls with guns everywhere.....



Every day in Britain ten newspapers are published on a nationwide basis, but because of the nature of our media in this country, few are worth taking seriously, and if you want the news, radio and television are a far better and less biased means of obtaining it. Despite this mill-ions of papers are sold every day. Here is a brief look at each and its readership.

Of the bunch the Guardian is probably the best buy, mainly because you don't feel that its editor is trying to con you with political fanaticism and is encouraging thought rather than indoctrinating. The paper for naive lefties like me! Another paper worth getting from time to time is the Morning Star, if only because it's the one paper that covers in detail the happenings on the far left; for people who care about others as much as themselves. Of the rest the only other I'd consider buying is the Daily Mirror, who are a bit too Pop/Royal/Sex for my liking, but have the very good Paul Foote as a columnist and the occasional brilliant exposé such as their one about the plight of Cambodia some years ago. It's the paper for the traditional Labour voter with a taste for gossip and easy-to-read journalism. The 'shortcomings' of the Sun are well publicised and the Daily Star is a crasser version (if that is possible) of those; both are in the business of making mountains out of molehills and dragging peoples private lives through the gutters: for people who like smut and think that 'Maggie is alright'. The Daily Express and Daily Mail both fall in the category of papers for Conservatives who don't really know why they are Conservatives. The Express is probably the most boring paper on the market with its Sunday counterpart the most boring in the world. The Telegraph and Times are the newspapers of the traditional ruling class and cater for their tastes...plenty of upmarket gossip about the royals plus the news in depth from their standpoint. Finally there is the Financial Times, printed on pink paper so everyone knows that the reader works in FINANCE. Not having seen a copy properly I can't really descibe it but any paper that's obsessed with money and doesn't have a sports page must be dodgey.

Martin.

C/O 39 FARRER ROAD
HORNSEY LONDON N8.

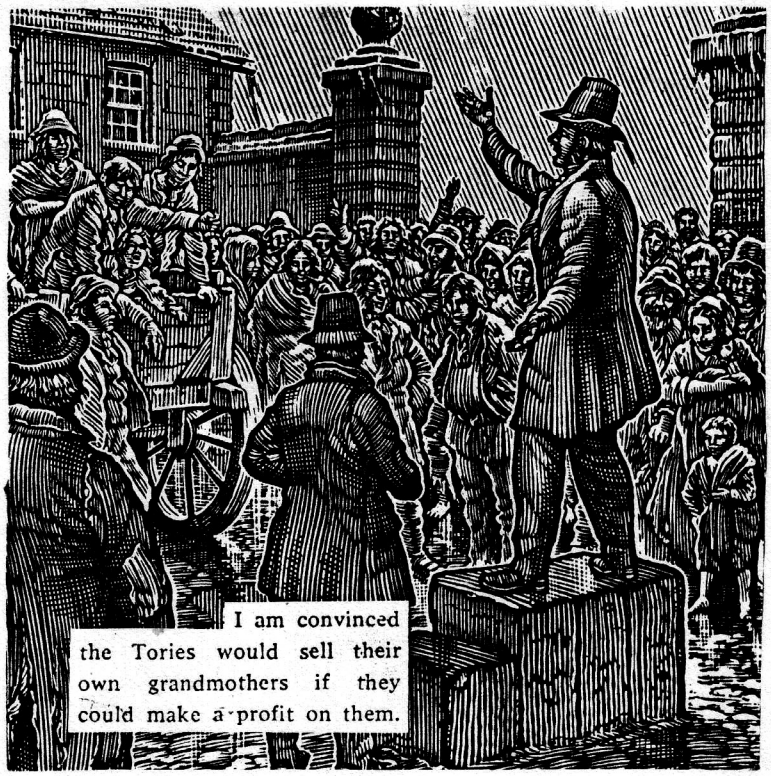
PAPER....I WANNA PAPER....WHITE PAPER....A PAPER OF MY OWN....WHITE PAPER....
I WANNA PAPER....WHITE PAPER....A PAPER OF MY OWN....WHITE PAPER....I WANNA

Well personally.....I mean let's not be TOO SOFT on the capitalist press (see previous page).Fact: discounting the wet and boring "Morning Star" all the other papers are owned by millionaires.I suppose that's the'freedom of the press' for you.Bobby Maxwell will never propagate REAL SOCIALISM in HIS PAPER;let's face it, when was the last time a government survived to win a third term in office?So if it's Labour's turn to cock things up it doesn't take a betting (wo)man to work out that if you buy the only paper that has consistently supported that party you could be on to a winner: SOME KINDA SOCIALISM - article on crumbling tower blocks/animal cruelty one day - loads of nearly tits the next.

Things can't be that bad.Sun/Star/Telegraph/Times/Express/Mail = tools of the ruling class.The Sun/Star the most subtle,the Telegraph/Times the least. Read the latter if you want to know if a STRIKE IS BITING,after all,these serious papers are talking to the people who HAVE TO KNOW THE TRUTH - their BIG MONEY is at stake.As for your average street fighting revolutionary socialist,he/she wants/needs to know'thine enemy';these BIG PAPERS provide us with valuable indictments against the class we are in constant conflict with.

The Financial Times is good because you can observe the big capitalists who get on the tube at East Putney and shit themselves as they read about the strike BITING.The Guardian has a good football column on saturdays,but where were all their concerned readers at Jubilee Gardens on June 10th? I don't know.

by Jem



I am convinced the Tories would sell their own grandmothers if they could make a profit on them.

It's normally around this time of year it begins."What are you doing for Christmas this year?" they ask as the sun beats down and all I want to do is paddle my tootsies in the sea.I mean,"What are you doing for Christmas".It's FIVE months away,a leaf hasn't even thought about turning brown,you haven't even been on holiday and people are pestering and vying for your attention on December 25th! I wouldn't mind if I enjoyed it, but to be honest Christmas and especially THE day itself is one big anti-climax for me.No spontaneity,everyone trying too hard;the excuse for everything,"Well it is Christmas"...so fucking what! I try to enjoy myself 365 days a year,not just two or three and the idea that just because it's a certain day in December I should start behaving like a drunken buffoon,even if I don't feel like behaving like a drunken buffoon,is a total switch off for me;I think I'd enjoy it more if the religious side was adhered to more,even though I'm not a particularly Godly man.At least I could see the point in it.How hypocritical to show good will to all men one day,and shit on them the next.This year I've decided enough is enough.I'm staying home with my girlfriend.Bah Humbug!

ALTERNATIVE COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL

"Recently we've been going to see all these Countrybilly bands.We sing and dance and we're all mates with the bands.The Skiff Skats are best.The're really nice blokes.It was great when they played in the blokes loos.Real fun,but too packed to dance.Shame cos I like dancing.Tracie says that one of them is in Madness,but I was too short to see him properly. Shame cos I like Madness.I used to be a rude girl you know.

Talking about rude I went up to that Shane from Pogue Mahone and tried to make him dance; the sod poured beer on me.Shame really cos I like Pogue Mahone.....they play Irish music but a bit punkier than the records my Uncle Paddy's got.Funny how they don't drink Guinness though.

Anyhow later on we met these rockabilly blokes who were quite a laugh and when the Blubbery Hellbellies came on we made them dance with us. One of them, Steve, bought me a bacardi and coke but I went off him a bit when he kept trying to touch my tits.Luckily I was saved when the Boothill Foot-Tappers came on and the others dragged me on stage with them.Carol, the stupid cow was really drunk and made a real idiot out of herself which was a shame cos we all had a real laugh.I had this tambourine and Tracie had a washboard and Sandra had...oh I can't remember, anyway we stayed up there all gig, dancing and singing.

The band themselves were brilliant, though it was a real shame that some bastard sprayed ammonia in Wendy the singer and Marnie the washboard player's eyes so that they couldn't play.Someone said it was one of the blokes we were with earlier.Not Steve though.

Anyway the Toe-Tappers, as we call them, played all our favourites like "Chasin' Women" and "Get Your Feet Out Of My Shoes" and by the end we were really knackered.I never knew tambourine playing could be such hard work.Lucky we all fitted in a taxi as I couldn't have walked.It was a great evening and we're all really looking forward to next Friday when they play again."

But who are the
Grooving Renees?

"You Skiff Skats
Are Too Crazy
For Me"

SWING THOSE PARTNERS

WATFORD V EVERTON

THE FRIENDLY CUP FINAL

It has been dubbed the "Friendly Cup Final" and it must have been because all the papers dwelt on the fact that rival fans "swopped favours". Savour those words: SWOPPED FAVOURS!! Visions of:

"Yeah well we was at Kings Cross, yer know, and these West Ham turned up on platform eight. Shaun reckoned they were Chelsea but Tony said he'd seen one of 'em wearing a claret and blue favour so we steamed through the ticket barrier and legged it towards 'em. Paul reached the geezer first:"

'Oi mate swop favours?'

'Yeah alright....I ain't got a Millwall yet.'

(Holding the scarf to his sallow cheek he slowly closed his eyes and murmered.....)

'Mmmmm, it's so soft, just like a lamb.'

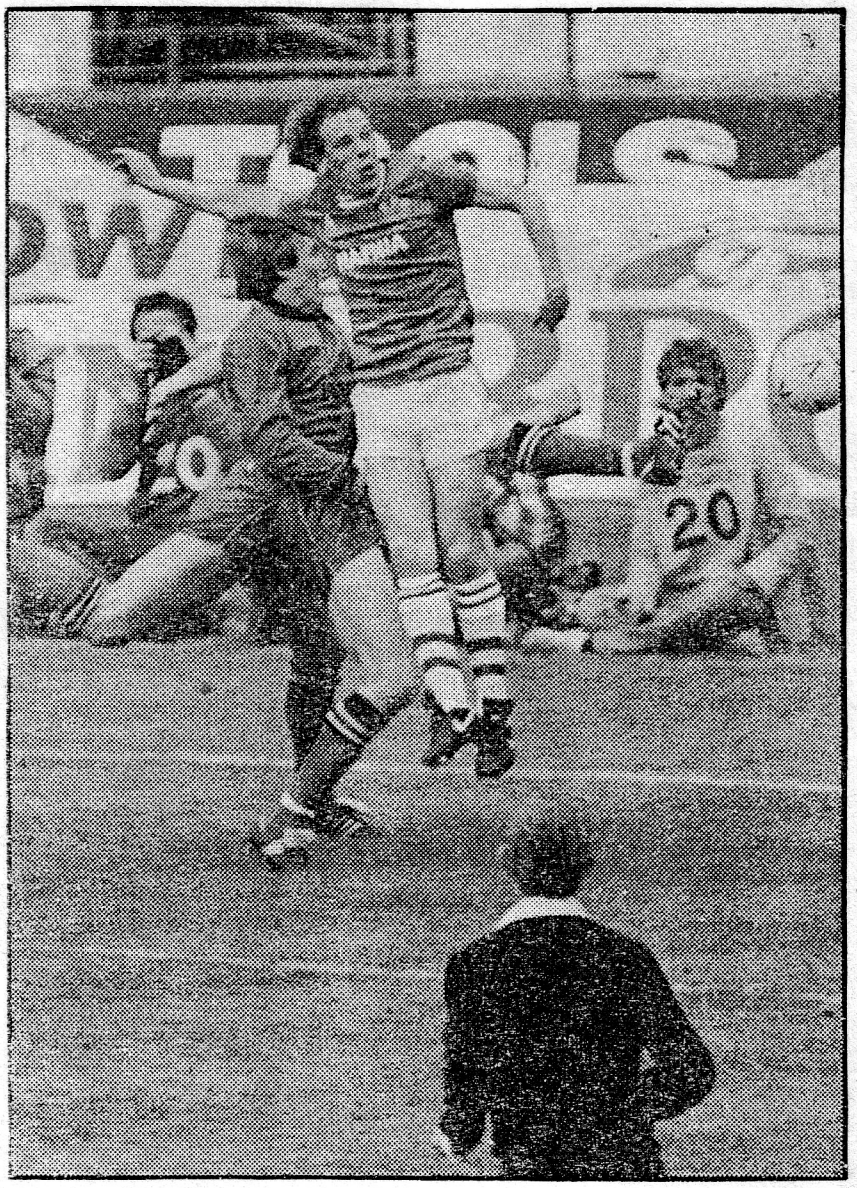
'Ere, let's have a go' Terry from our mob shouted.

'Fuck me, he's right.....'ow do yer get it so fluffy?'

'It's them Persil tickets' (mumbling) 'Well it's fuckin' stupid to bung it all out, innit.'

'Anyway, when did your mob go soft?'

'Aw I suppose it was the friendly Cup Final. We thought: mindless violence, sod it! So we just jacked it in I suppose.'



More often than not Andy Gray's goal that killed the game would have been disallowed, but the bustling Scot (to use 'football-ease') courageously nutted Sher-wood's fist which propelled the ball netwards: I think it's worth noting the significance of Watford's goalkeeper. His name is Sherwood. In this forest lived Robin Hood. Robin Hood gave things away. Now if they had a keeper called Abbey or Woolwich (or Banks).....

It was also a pity that Maurice Johnston didn't play better, and Callaghan and Barnes for that matter; still they are but young and shall return to the twin towers I'm sure.

Curiously,when the teams strode proudly onto the shade that surrounds the hallowed turf,the gentleman behind me,who I sort of know,bellowed:"I've got an erection!",which I thought was pretty childish,not to say embarass-ing for everyone within earshot.Anyway it was certainly the most outrageous thing I'd ever heard at a soccer match until "God Save Our TEAM!"

Surprisingly Watford's support on the day was tremendous and easily equalled our northern chums;visions of Watford's aptly named Vicarage Road (with an atmosphere like a graveyard)were quickly dispelled by our first encounter with the Watford hordes.Cup Fever.....

At the end of the match Watford had a magnificent sustained "Elton John's Taylor-Made Army",but evidently the radio and television mikes had been ushered towards the "sea of blue and white away to my left"(sic). As a pirate merchandiser touted his wares outside the stadium, it occurred to me that it was time we all sported our favours. If we don't then the working class of this country will take a gigantic step backwards and the Conservatives will remain in power till the end of the century.

"Graham Taylor Takes A Longing Look At Elton.Take Me To Your Boudoir He Thinks"

Early at Euston,as the Everton fans were descending from their respective Lime Street specials, one group chanted "Maggie Maggie Maggie.....Out!Out!Out!"with a fervour they usually reserve for their team.If we all could adopt a similar enthusiasm the world could be a better place.One day brothers and sisters there shall be many specials,and they will descend.....support the miners now or you might not be able to afford the fare.

By Jem Moore

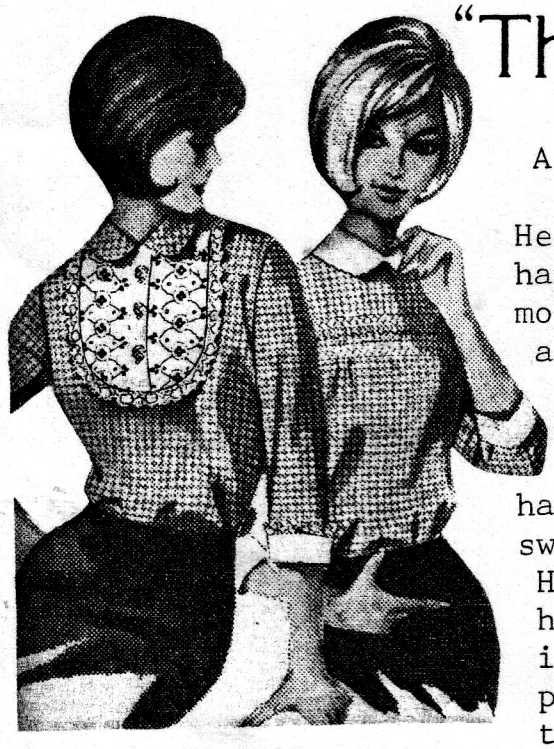
"The thing rented himself a car.As he ran his hand along the side,the touch of the metal thrilled him.Confidently he climbed in.He was away,the open road stretching before him.A sense of freedom rushed through him.As he went along it became exhileration.When people had to leap out of his way he enjoyed it.

So when the car infront stopped suddenly,he did not see it.A normal being would have broken his neck on impact.He got out,his body intact,and shook the broken glass from his hair.

As he approached the offending vehicle people fled. From a safe distance they watched him rip off the car door and begin to eat it....."

HOME AND AWAY

It is unlikely that the behaviour of our soccer supporters abroad has escaped your attention and whatever your views on the subject a solution must be found before every European country becomes a 'no go' area for young male Brits on vacation.And the only logical solution I can see is the confiscation of passports from convicted offenders proventing them from going again;an attack on civil liberties you cry,but not if these passports were only held by the Central Passport Office to be issued only on approval of a legitimate trip abroad i.e. make foreign travel difficult but not impossible.Are you listening Uncle Ted?



"The Way To A Man's Heart"

A Slightly Bizarre Love Story by Louis Vause.

He woke up sweating and slowly remembered what had happened.Had it been a bad dream?(Nightmare was more the word for it!)She wasn't lying next to him at any rate-the bed was cold and empty in the pale morning light.As if to reinforce Roger's unease,the alarm clock had stopped;it sat on the bedside table silent and lifeless-its two hands gripped together at quarter-past-three.Roger swung his legs out of bed and into his slippers. His dressing gown was hanging from the door and he draped it around his shoulders before opening it and descending the stairs.In the kitchen he paused and looked at the freezer.It stood next to the washing machine as it always had,but that morning its clean white exterior repulsed him.He slowly approached it and again he hesitated,his hand on the lid.A cold cloying mist escaped as he opened it but it wasn't this that made him shiver.Linda lay there and he looked at her with a mixture of disbelief and horror.His thinking lost its rationality...years later he could only recall how pretty the frost looked clinging to her long,thick eyelashes.

It had been a stupid argument.He couldn't even remember how it started.He had vivid memories of her saying,'You hate me'.'Bollocks'he had replied, 'I could eat you I love you so much'She had thrown a knife at him and shouted 'Prove it!'...His memory failed him from then on,probably subconsciously blacking out the memory of it all.And now Linda was in the freezer. He was confused but slowly his mind assimilated the facts.A feeling of purpose slowly took hold of him with an urgency that increased as the sunlight began to penetrate the kitchen window.Yes...he would prove it.And as he looked longingly at the ashen blue face of his wife he spoke out softly:

"OK Linda love,let's get started."

He got the frying pan from the cupboard above the sink.

He didn't have a good day at work;he was surprised at himself when he found himself losing his temper at the same old things;the teasing of his work mates and the weakness of the foreman in his dealings with the management over the vexed question of lockers for coats and personal belongings.It seemed odd to be involved in such pettiness when his wife....

"Hey...Roger! "

He was almost pleased as Martin broke his reveries.Martin was a particularly tasteless individual whose glasses had never been the right size.

"Roger!" he repeated insistently.God he was irritating."You could do with losing a bit of weight.Just look at that gut!" he continued,his leer exposing the join between his dentures and his gums.

"You've got plenty of room to talk" replied Roger."You're one big brewers droop.Infact you give the phrase new meaning."

"I don't have a pretty wife to please,do I?If you're not careful her heart will go out to someone else."

Roger marvelled privately at Martin's appropriate way of putting things, but he doubted that this particular prophecy would come to pass.

"Never!" he said arrogantly and he smiled quietly to himself as he recalled eating her heart for breakfast.....

Roger turned from the cooker and wiped his hands on the teatowel.The door bell rang again;this time more insistantly.

"I'm coming" he called out weakly and walked down the hallway.

"Good evening,Roger" his mother-in-law said as she breezed past him down the hallway and into the sitting room.

"Where's Linda?" she asked brusquely.

"Something came up." replied Roger truthfully,"I'm afraid she won't be back 'till quite late tonight."

"You have remembered that you invited us here for dinner this evening?"

"Yes...yes,indeed." he lied."It will be ready in about half-an-hour.Would you like a drink in the meantime?"

"The usual." she said,obviously a little disappointed at Linda's absence.Roger quitly poured a dry sherry and gave a vodka to her husband who had followed his wife into the sitting room.He looked apologetically at Roger.Roger smiled back and then returned thank-fully to the kitchen and his 'Shepherds Pie'.

The dinner had been a very quiet affair.Roger was aware that Linda's mother had never had much sympathy with her daughters choice of him as a suitable and desirable spouse.

"Really,Roger" she said patronisingly,"I'm quite surprised." Roger looked at her uncomprehendingly.

'THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART' (Contd. Again)

"That meal was really quite nice" she continued."Infact I can't believe you did it without a little help from Linda." She looked at him,her pencilled eyebrows arched like grotesque question marks.Roger smiled and couldn't resist the irony of the situation:

"You've found me out Mrs Willow" he said."I couldn't have got that taste without Linda." Mrs Willow smiled knowingly and nodded approvingly.Roger was aware that that remark was the only bit of fun he'd had all evening.

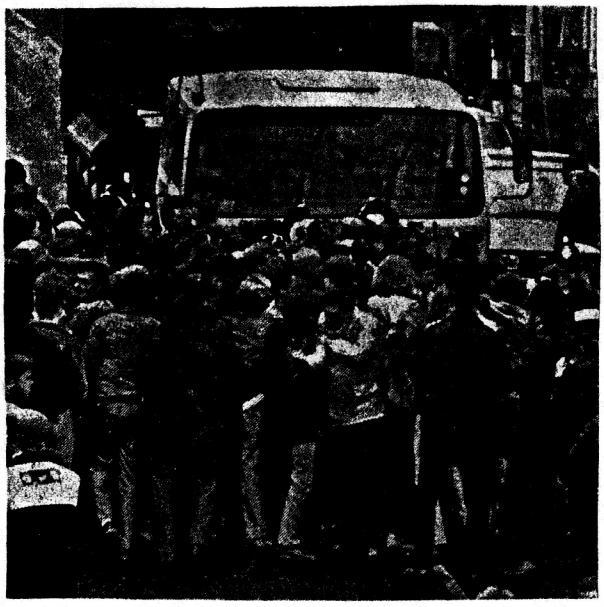
Two weeks passed by and Roger continued his culinary endeavours over the hot stove.The freezer was slowly unburdened of its bizarre content until on a Tuesday evening he peered in to find just one solitary piece of meat left.This was to be an evening (and a meal) to savour.He prepared the sprouts and potatoes with great care - everything had to be perfect. When they had bubbled and boiled for five minutes he took out the piece of flesh and carefully laid it in the frying pan.It spluttered warmly and Roger smiled as he drained the vegetables.He prepared his place at the table and poured some wine into his glass.Soon the food was ready and he took his plate to the kitchen,putting the meat on its centre and delicately arranging the vegetables round the perimeter.He stationed himself at the table and picked up his glass.

"To our love Linda" he said quietly and drained it in one.He put her tongue into his mouth,and as he did so a feeling of great warmth and sentimentality spread through him,as he remembered the last time it had been there.

TOUGH TIMES....if we think we've got a violent society we should cast our beadies across to South Africa and the Soweto Township,where more people are murdered in a weekend than get the same in a year over here.They also have this nice line in paralysis forcing bicycle wheel spokes into the nerves at the base of the spine.

TRUE TO FORM the Americans blamed the KGB for death threats sent to Athletes from China,Senegal and the Cameroons competing in the McDonalds Olympics,despite the fact that they were signed by the Klu Klux Klan, America's finest Neo-fascists.Nothing like ignoring the problems on your own doorstep or perhaps they aren't regarded as a problem?

And talking of THE OLYMPIAD there has been much discussion about Jesse Owens and Carl Lewis;who is the greater athlete?Well presuming Lewis does equal his record of four gold medals in an Olympics I would still pump for Owens who had to compete against the other athletes and the twisted idealism that prevailed in Germany at the time.



Any money raised by this publication will be donated in support of active picketing. If you would like to receive issue two please write with a stamped and addressed envelope and we will send it to you free of charge.Can't be bad...please send all letters care of:

39 Farrer Road
Hornsey
London N8 8LD.

HIP-PLEB!

"I KNOW A LOT OF PEOPLE LIKE THAT BUT NOT IN THE REAL WORLD THEY DON'T."
Tony Parsons/'Jamming' 19.

The current trend among influential writers and more importantly, pop-crooners towards appraising "normality" and its trappings is staggeringly naive. It seems that every time I pick up a paper someone is preaching about the purity and earnestness of plebian existance and the "Real World" where they seem to have forgotten that rascism, sexism and suppression and ridicule of individuality are the corner-stones of popular opinion.

Seeking acceptance from the masses is both dishonest and false. The Mass accepts only what it can control or destroy. Popular opinion is a press fed lie and is worth nothing.

Finding one's identity and then expressing it is surely one of the most vital facets of a full life. Within the constrictions of "The Real World", there is often no room for true self expression. Being part of this monster is not knowing that you already are. All other spheres of existance are alienated, with the hard "facts" of Right-Wing TV and 'The Sun' replacing contact and conversation. Life becomes as important as the latest car or new toy (Videos or whatever), and as part of the "Real World", by popular opinion and as a "normal person" you sub-consciously crush, suffocate and destroy all that is original, artistic and beautiful.

I reject it. Tony M.

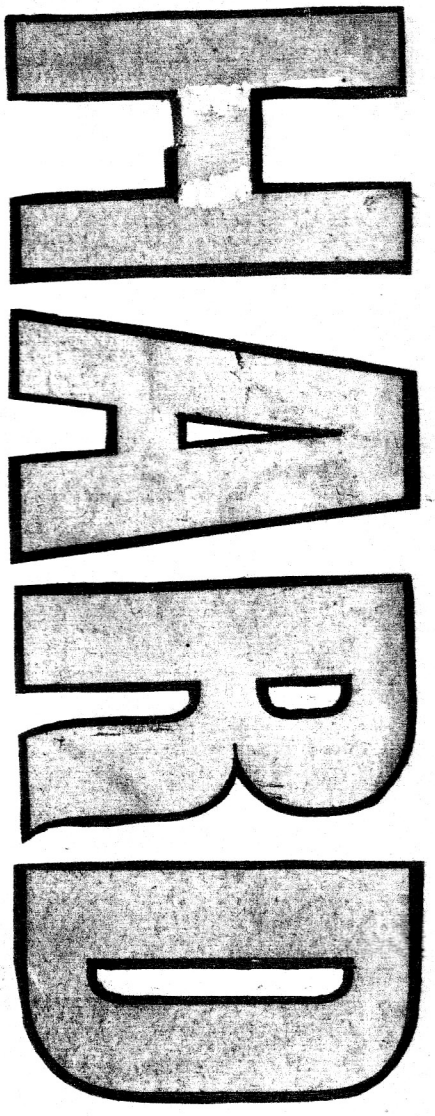
UNIONISE ?
MOBILISE !

A stunning set by The Redskins at the GLC's 'Jobs for a Change' festival was violently terminated halfway through their final song, by those most foul of all the "...inmates of UK'84"-Nazis. Seighieling and bottle throwing, the small group of 20 or so stormed the stage and proceeded to smash guitars through amps and launch the drum kit and PA into the crowd, as panicing people struggled to get away. The Redskin's Bassist was felled by a sickening blow to the throat and his head was a mass of bruises as he fought bravely against the rioting cur. Various groups took on the fascists and a running battle ensued until the Nazis finally dispersed.

I have not witnessed anything as shattering and evil since the Sham 69 farewell debacle. Unlike that affair though, this was a well timed, organised riot with the devastation carried out with clinical accuracy. A small gang outnumbered 50 to 1 had destroyed the spirit of the Festival in about 3½ minutes and notched up another victory for fascism in that no Redskins gig will ever be 100% safe again, and yet most of us stood around waiting to get booted rather than stamping those maggots out under our feet. If we are united we cannot be beaten, until then we kiss the Nazi boot.

Two things made the day worthwhile. The emergence of a HARD, RADICAL, SOCIALIST band with popularist appeal, and the sight of a coloured punk who stood alone on a stage full of psychopathic fascists showing the courage that we also have NO OPTION but to show.

FIGHT BACK.



...Amusing Anecdote Time...

As said to two Reds as they beat up a Nazi who had just bottled one of them :
"Stop fighting. We've got to talk to them and win them over...".
Reply : "FUCK OFF !"

Bug found at union meeting

Staged pay rises for 'top people'

POLICE

THE RICH RUN RIOT

Lies, lies and more lies

Crumbling council homes crisis

What crisis?

Flat 2,
39 Farrer Rd.
Hornsey,
London N8.

Dear Gary.

First let me apologise for not writing sooner. Unfortunately I lost your address but luckily 'mother' kept it and gave it to me last Friday.

Anyhow, as you may or may not know the Magits E.P. was released way back in 1979 and as there wasn't a glut of indie singles then it sold out almost immediately. Not wishing to push our luck we didn't repress. so instead of a record I've enclosed a cassette containing "Fully Coherent" and a 2nd projected E.P. which for pathetically arty reasons never 'hit the streets' .... shame really as I think one of the tracks is great (please bear in mind I normally hate recordings of

my own voice).

The L.P. mentioned to you on the phone is called "The Thing From the Crypt" and doesn't actually Feature our Magit friends: bands included are Sad Loves + Giants. Soft Drinks (my second band). the S-Haters, Image In Ruin. Exhibit A. Mex etc. etc. and although it is more mainstream I can recommend it and would sell you a copy for £2.00

I hope this satisfies your interest.

Many thanks for calling.

Martin Cooper.

P.S. I've enclosed some reading material that we've just produced.